

CAPITAL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
COLUMBUS 9, OHIO

LIBRARY
PACIFIC LUTHERAN
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
JUN 16 1966

JAN 4 1955

The ANSGAR LUTHERAN



Photograph by Harold M. Lambert.

“While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks”

News and Notes



To each and every reader comes the wish for a Merry Christmas from your editor. It would be nice to send each one a personal greeting. But there are so many I get to know during the year, that it is simply impossible to begin to write to all the friends. Those who have sent news and reviewed books, those that have sent criticism and praise. To any one who has shown any direct interest at all, I send my best wishes.

To the many readers who have never expressed their feelings about this or that, but who faithfully read the paper every week, to all of you, a Merry Christmas in the name of Christ our Lord!

Ground Breaking Ceremonies have recently been held for new churches—one at Blair, Nebraska, and one at Racine, Wisconsin, Our Saviors.

The Neves would like used piano and Trailer. We will be traveling in the congregations of our UELC in behalf of our Japan Mission from May 15th until August, 1955, and we would like to acquire the use of a trailer house, preferably a 14-foot one. Would anyone who might have one for rent, for sale, or for use during that period, please contact Rev. Lloyd Neve, 193 Larch Ave., Teaneck, New Jersey.

We would like to obtain a used piano to replace the one we had which was badly damaged in the flood in 1953. Would anyone who might have a used piano for sale please contact Rev. Lloyd Neve at 193 Larch Ave., Teaneck, N. J.

Mrs. Engholm dead. A telegram to our Publishing House from Rev. M. C. J. Engholm, Pasadena, Calif., announces the death of his wife on Saturday, Dec. 11. Funeral services and interment to be at Pasadena on Dec. 15.

Brooklyn, Wis., Roland H. Hansen, Pastor. The Annual Meeting of the Brooklyn Lutheran Church was held Wednesday, December 8, 1954. A proposed budget of \$5900 was accepted, of which \$1500 will be subsidized by Wis-

consin District Aid. It should be added at this point that only \$4600 will have been received by this congregation from the district and yet within a short while it will be self-supporting, God willing. A summary of the year's work reveals that a new parsonage and garage have been built, a full-time pastor has been called to serve the spiritual needs of the people, and the congregation has grown by some 30 confirmed and 45 baptized members. At present, a debt of \$15,500 faces this congregation of 150 confirmed, but by the grace of Almighty God it will be reduced substantially in the coming years. The entire council with one exception was reelected to office. However, an Amendment to the Constitution was introduced and if approved next year will go into effect thus limiting the term of service for a council member. Truly God has blessed and prospered this small district parish that is reaching an unchurched area in south-central Wisconsin.

AVAILABLE. An antique cross and two candlesticks which may be used as temporary altarware. Until recently, they were used on the altar in Brooklyn Lutheran Church. All that is required is for the requesting church to pay the postage. If interested, write to Pastor Roland Hansen, Brooklyn, Wisconsin.

150 Carloads of Grain Given In All Lutheran Food Appeal

New York—With contributions totaling 150 carloads of grain, the 1954 All Lutheran Food Appeal has proved an overwhelming success. Coupled together, the cars would constitute a train more than a mile long.

Response to the appeal, conducted during the summer and fall in eleven of America's "breadbasket states," resulted in contributions of corn, wheat and maize with an estimated value of \$323,000, it was reported here by the Rev. Ove R. Nielsen of Minneapolis.

Mr. Nielsen is director of the program, sponsored jointly by Lutheran World Relief, material aid agency of the National Lutheran Council, and the

Board of World Relief of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, with the Rev. Oscar C. Decker of Battle Creek, Nebraska as field representative.

One third of the contributions, or 50 carloads, came from farmers in Minnesota, according to Mr. Nielsen. The gifts consisted of 47 cars of corn and three cars of wheat, he said.

Nebraska contributed 27 carloads of grain commodities, South Dakota and Illinois 20 each, Ohio eight, Montana six, Washington five, Kansas and Iowa four each, and Texas and North Dakota three each. The total consisted of 123 carloads of corn, 25 of wheat and two of maize, with a few more carloads of corn anticipated before the end of the year.

Prizes for Theological Essays Announced in LWF Contest

Geneva, Switzerland—Prizes of \$250 and \$125 will be given by the Lutheran World Federation for the best theological essays on specified subjects entered in a contest launched by the LWF Department of Theology.

A \$250 prize is being offered for the best manuscript on "The Concept of Apostolicity in the Early Church up to the Formation of the Canon." The best manuscript on "The Continuity of the Church in the Teaching of Luther" will get a \$125 prize, the LWF information service announced.

Manuscripts, which must be in the hands of the Department of Theology before the end of 1956 in four typewritten copies and with the author's name in a separate sealed envelope, may be written in English, German, or any of the Scandinavian languages, but Scandinavian manuscripts must be accompanied by a digest in either English or German.

Judges of the contest will be selected by the LWF Commission on Theology which retains the usual rights of giving more than one prize in each group splitting of prizes, or withholding prizes if the entries do not meet standards. The manuscripts for which prizes will be given will become the property of the LWF unless other arrangements are made.

THE ANSGAR LUTHERAN. Official Organ of the United Evangelical Lutheran Church, published weekly by Lutheran Publishing House, Blair, Nebr.

Otto H. Stave, Business Manager. Subscription price: United States and Canada, \$3.00 per year in advance; foreign countries, \$4.00. Everything pertaining to the Youth Department should be sent to Rev. Homer Larsen, 904 Bluff St., Cedar Falls, Ia. A special club rate of \$2.00 per year is offered Bible classes and organizations of the church when ten or more copies are sent to one address, and \$2.00 a year for the congregation has The Ansgar Lutheran in every home—Church Paper in Every Home Plan. Subscriptions, remittances, change of address, advertisements and all communications pertaining to the Business Department should be sent to the Lutheran Publishing House, Blair, Nebr. When CHANGE OF ADDRESS is desired give old as well as new address. Entered as second-class matter. December 14, 1927, at the Post Office at Blair, Nebr., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Much of our news is received from Religious News Service, and the News Bureau of the National Lutheran Council.

JOHN M. JENSEN, Editor
321 E. 8th Street
Spencer, Iowa

Christmas in My Childhood

(Written by a Grateful Son)

to write about Christmas in one's childhood is like opening a door, which leads into a person's sanctum sanctorum.

and thus the question presents itself: Will a glimpse of that sanctuary be appreciated? Or will it be altogether misunderstood, perhaps even despised? For the customs and standards of that day were quite different from that which has become the customary.

Even the advent season was quite impressive, as it seemed to prepare the home and the heart for the proper celebration of Christmas.

In the home as in the church the atmosphere appeared different. The Scripture lessons, the prayers, the hymns were more purposeful.

The reading of the promises of the coming Messiah, and in the Old Testament beginning almost on the first page of Genesis and running through to the last chapter of Malachi, created an atmosphere of holy anticipation.

The prayers were expressive of gratefulness and hope of gratefulness because the Son of God once came in humility and of hope that he would come again, and then, in glory and majesty to bring full and final redemption to all God's people.

Hymn stanzas like these made an indelible impression on my youthful mind:

O come, O come, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Latin origin.

The great and skillful Master
With kind and watchful eye
Is over the crucible bending,
His precious silver to try.
Ingemann.

Blossom as a rose shall here
All the desert places,
Blossom when the golden year
Shines on saddened faces.
Grundtvig.

One of the Christmas customs was to think of the departed ones.

Two sisters, neither of which I ever saw, had been laid away from the present life in early childhood. On Christmas came, their graves were decorated with branches of evergreen.

It appears at this time, to buy those branches of evergreen was the most important part of the Christmas shopping. For a small sum mother bought as many branches as she was able to carry in her arms to the

cemetery. All the branches, except two, were spread on the small graves. The two branches, the most shapely ones, were taken home; the one to serve as my sister's Christmas tree and the other as mine.

Great was our childlike joy, when mother some evening shortly before Christmas permitted us to decorate our evergreen branches with a couple of candles and a few heart-shaped bags of glazed paper.

Those branches brought more cheer and meaningful joy to the whole family and to us children in particular than any costly Christmas tree I have seen since.

Within a city block from my home was one of the large churches built centuries ago. High in the belfry were hung three bells. It was my good fortune to be on friendly terms with the official bell ringer. To accompany the bell ringer to the belfry, to look out over the greater part of the city, and to help ring one of the large bells always afforded much pleasure.

Never was the pleasure greater than when on early Christmas eve the prolonged chiming of the bell brought the churchgoers to crowd the place of worship.

Christmas eve was the very heart and climax of Christmas.

As the family gathered in the dining room to partake of the sufficient but not luxurious meal, each member stood by his seat while mother led in the singing of the Christmas hymn:

The happy Christmas comes once more,
The heavenly Guest is at the door,
The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
The joyous tidings: Peace, good will.

Come, Jesus, glorious heavenly guest,
Keep Thine own Christmas in our breast,
Then David's harp string, hushed so long,
Shall swell our jubilee of song.

As the evening proceeded, there was not a shadow of a doubt in the minds of us children that the Lord Jesus had heard our prayer hymn.

When the meal was ended, gifts were to be distributed, one to each member of the family and no more and always of a practical nature.

But before any gifts were distributed, father, as the head of the household and the priest of the family read of God's gift to all men:

"Now it came to pass in those days, there went out a decree from Caesar - - -

"And Joseph also went up from Galilee to the city of David which is called Bethlehem to enroll himself with Mary, who was betrothed to him, being great with child.

"And she brought forth her firstborn son, and she
(Continued on page 15)

A Song in The Desert

By Christian Justesen

The December night that covers the desert at Christmas probably is no colder than winter nights elsewhere, but to John Smith, who had forgotten his overcoat, this night felt colder than any he had experienced in Colorado.

It was in a little desert town in California that his car broke down, and it was the night before Christmas. This meant that his car would not be repaired on Saturday or Sunday, and that he would have to spend Christmas alone in this town in the desert, and that he would not reach his family in Pueblo, Colorado, on Christmas as he had expected.

The motel was modern. That made John feel as if he were not too far from civilization. His electric blanket dispelled all thoughts of cold, so the night passed pleasantly with peaceful sleep.

The morning dawned. The purple morning in its fullest! The frost on roofs and car tops were a Christmas greeting—a miniature White Christmas and a very welcome sight to one who was searching for something to remind him of Christmas.

This was December 25th! John walked up Main Street and found a little coffee shop open. After drinking a cup of coffee, he strolled to the depot a couple of blocks away. Already the lawn around the depot—the only green spot in town—had several squaws seated on the cold ground on blankets, holding their beads and trinkets in readiness for sale to the passengers who were to board the morning train.

The evergreen tree in the corner drugstore was the sole suggestion of Christmas. John looked forward to a lonely holiday. Stores, drugstores, and restaurants had signs posted in their windows. "CLOSED CHRISTMAS DAY."

A little cluster of houses, a railroad station, and a few stores surrounded by desert sand seemed to convey loneliness as he had never before experienced. To be alone and lonesome and to have once tasted of Christmas fellowship made the world appear to be a most dismal place. Although the desert sun shone brightly, never had the sunshine failed so utterly to gladden his soul.

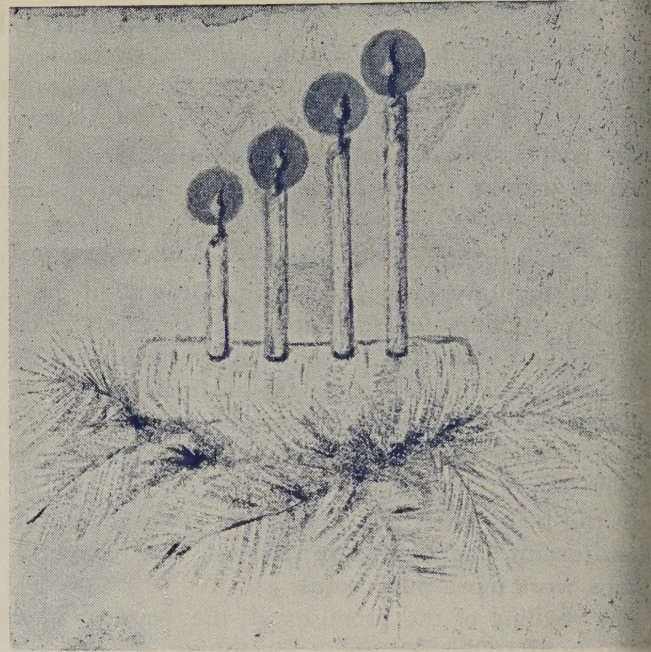
As he was standing, looking at the passengers, a young man came to him and asked, "Are you a stranger here?"

John told him his plight. The young man informed John that he was a Lutheran pastor who had started a mission on the edge of town. He was serving another small mission in another desert town 100 miles away. He had his own airplane and would fly from place to place. After the morning service, he and his wife and parrot would board his plane and fly to his other parish, remain there until Wednesday of each week, and then fly back and spend the rest of the week in Blyth.

The pastor invited John to his home for Christmas dinner and to his candlelight service at the church. This invitation was gladly accepted. Never had one been more appreciated.

While John was at the church listening to the children's music, a haggard, ill-clad man entered the side door of the chapel and took a seat quietly at the front. The pastor noticed him immediately and gave him a hand of welcome.

It was an interesting congregation! There were children and women with straight black hair wearing colored shawls, men with bronze complexions holding big hats on their laps, sun-tanned men and women from the



little town and surrounding country. However, as the congregation sang, the pastor and the stranger were having a whispering conversation.

After the hymn, the pastor announced that the stranger had got off the train by mistake. He was a man who was supposed to have gone farther north and reported to one of our pastors near Sacramento. The pastor had discovered that this man was a musician and a Lutheran, and that all his relatives had been killed by the Communists. He had gained entrance to this country as a DP.

The pastor asked the man if he would play on the piano for them. This he did. Tears trickled down his cheeks as he began to touch the keys, but then, as he lost or wrapped in pleasant memories of a happier past, he began to play. Never had they heard more sublime music! John's loneliness had long dispersed, for he knew that he had his dear ones and that he would see them soon, but the musician's were gone—he would never see them. He was in a strange land and lost, so he could not speak, but John was in his home country.

After many renditions of the old masters, he ended by playing "Silent Night, Holy Night." There was a hush over the audience as the strains of soft music filled the chapel. Christ the Savior is born. In spite of tribulation, loss of dear ones, Christ was not lost! He would give him strength to live a new life in the great land of freedom. There was a smile on the musician's face. It was as if he realized that he was in a land where he could play on again.

John reached the motel about midnight. He turned out the light and was getting ready for a night's rest when he heard from the loud speaker of the little chapel the song, "Silent Night, Holy Night," punctured the desert stillness. It was to him as if heaven sent words of the melody so recently played in the chapel by the stranger who had been dejected, persecuted, and lonely. Now came the words through the stillness of the night: "Christ the Savior is born."

The Christmas which had been too unbearable to face because John was stranded in the little desert town proved to be one which gave him a new valuation of the meaning of Christmas. As he looked out of the window, he saw the prickly cactus under the starlit heaven which seemed to say, "It's Christmas, John. Come, let us adore Him."

What Time Is It?

By Chaplain Gilbert A. Jensen

Jorgen Jorgensen, our village butcher, was as Scandinavian as his name and as solid a citizen as any in the d. When he said, "Ya" it meant just that, no if's, 's or but's were camouflaged behind it.

Jorgen," I said one morning, "Do you have some of t rolled veal—what do you call it?—rulle pølse?"

Ya, rulle pølse I have."

O.K.; slice me a half pound."

I had been trying to evoke a promise from Jorgen t he would serve as a member of our church council, his view of the churchly office was, I suspected, one uch splendid dignity, that he considered it far above of his humble station.

Have you thought further about becoming a member he church council, Jorgen?"

Ya. I've t'ought about it."

Will you do it, Jorgen?"

I'm proud you ask me," he said, wiping his hands on white apron, "But I'm yust not big enough."

We don't want big men, Jorgen, we want good men," rsisted.

Dat I am not ei'der."

It's fine that you are conscious of your limitations, gen, but God needs men like you—dependable, loyal, conscientious. And just now, I believe, He is calling to help us in our work here."

Jorgen did not reply. His eyes were on the floor, and seemed to receive my words in a thoughtful evalua-

will t'ink some more about it," he said at length.

don't like to press you, Jorgen, but you know that meeting of the council is next Tuesday, and I'd like en present your name to fill the vacancy left by the h of Mr. White."

will let you know Sunday, pastor."

paid for my meat, bade Jorgen goodbye, assured the matter would rest until Sunday. Then, one way nother, I would hear from the good butcher.

was therefore surprised to see Jorgensen at the door ny study on Saturday night, while I was polishing opening paragraph of my sermon for the next day. Come in, good friend," I said, as I admitted him. But en made no reply.

took his hat and put it in the closet, and smilingly I , "You have come with good news, I trust."

Without further formalities he took a chair as I took e behind the desk, and, as I looked into his face, I shocked by the pain I saw there.

s there something wrong, my friend?" I asked.

is hands were clenched, and his eyes were on the r, as he replied, "Ya, der is."

'm glad you come to tell me about it. That's what here for. Is there some trouble at home?"

e did not speak but shook his head in a negative re- his wavy, blond hair falling forward as he continu- b stare at the rug.



I decided to wait for him to speak. He had found his way to my study for that purpose, and since it was plain something pressing was troubling him, I could count on him to proceed.

His hands were trembling and tears were falling from his cheeks when his voice broke the silence.

"You vant me for council member, pastor, but I am not a good man."

He paused to let that sink in, his eyes full of tears now fixed on mine.

"How do you mean?" I said. I recalled he had said something similar in his shop.

No, I am not a good man," he repeated. "I am a t'ief."

"You mean you've stolen something?" I said, "Why should you steal? You don't need money; you give it away."

"It was in the Old Country," he said nodding his head gravely.

"But that's many years ago."

"Ya, is a long time."

"What did you steal?"

"A vatch."

As he said this he reached into his vest pocket and produced a shiny, gold watch, a gold chain, and fob, which, as I examined it, I noticed that it seemed to bear the imprint of a family crest.

"And whose is this?"

"Uncle Yorgen's."

"The same name as your's?"

Ya."

"When did you steal this watch?"

"I was fifteen. I vas going to America. V'en I vent I took the vatch."

"But why did you take it? You didn't sell it to get money for passage."

"I just wanted it to have something of my family. Is an old watch."

"It seems to me," I said, "That during and after the war you sent many parcels to Denmark. Didn't you send some to your uncle?"

"Ya."

"Haven't you sent him money too?"

"Ya."

"Well, why didn't you send him the watch or tell him about your theft?"

"I have wanted to, but I was ashamed. I couldn't get myself to tell him I was a thief."

As Jorgen's tale unfolded, I discovered that Jorgen Jorgensen, prosperous, hardworking, trustworthy man that he was, had contributed thousands to his namesake in the Old Country, but, overwhelmed by the shame of his theft, he had never mentioned it, even to his wife. But his guilty conscience had smarted and tormented him through the years. Like a hound this act had dogged his steps, snarling and snapping at him, and the more since he had been asked to serve on the church council.

"Vat shall I do, pastor?" he said abjectly, spreading his hands, tears glistening in his eyes.

"Tell me, Jorgen, does your uncle have a telephone?"

"Ya."

I made the arrangements immediately to call his uncle in Denmark, and, while we waited for the connections

to be completed, we sipped coffee which my wife brought in. Then the operator was saying, "Your call is ready to Mr. Jorgen Jorgensen in Denmark. Go ahead please."

It was a halting confession, strange I'm sure to the uncle who had been so greatly befriended by the man who now was begging pardon and asking what disposition to make of the watch.

"He wants me to keep it!" he said, turning to me, his face beaming.

"Of course," I said, "By all means."

After he had returned the phone to its cradle and as he stood fondling the watch, studying the fob I said "Now, Jorgen. May I submit your name to the council to fill the vacancy?"

"Ya," he replied solemnly, his head nodding in agreement. "Now I am ready."

As the council met for the first time with Jorgensen as a regularly installed member, I noticed the fob of the watch dangling from his vest pocket. He had never carried it before, to my knowledge.

"What time is it, Jorgen?" I said in an aside to him.

He glanced at his watch, and looked back at me as he answered, "It is time to begin, pastor."

Any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

By Robert O. Skar

All the world is thickly shrouded
In the veil of dark despair,
And mankind, by myths deluded,
Helpless sinks in Evil's snare.

But o'er Beth'lem's plains are sounding—
Songs too sweet for human ken;
Angels praising God and singing
Peace on earth, good will to men.

To their old delusions clinging,
Men prostrate 'fore idols lie
But above it all is ringing:
Glory be to God Most High.

Cheers for bloody deeds are sounding
O'er the Seven Hills of Rome;
Still above it all is ringing:
Christ with peace for all has come.

For vain pomp and wealth contending,
Rise each nation, tribe and clan;
Yet above it all is ringing:
Peace on earth, good will to man.

And those angels' Christmas singing
Shall find lodgment in man's soul,
And with joy their Christmas greeting
Shall re-echo pole to pole.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

By Robert O. Skar

Joyful Christmas bells are ringing
But my eyes are filled with tears;
For as darkness falls I'm dreaming
Of those past, short, happy years,
When, on Christmas Eve returning
From my play, I leaped with joy;
For I saw my mother waiting
For her little, darling boy.

Years have passed—out in the struggle
Of a busy, bustling life,
Mother's boy is fighting bravely
Manhood's keen and constant strife.
Still, though only near in dreaming,
Mother's hope naught can destroy—
E'en tonight she's looking, waiting
For her absent, darling boy.

Darkness falls—the day is closing—
Mother's day is closing too.
Soon life's crown will be adorning
That gray head so good and true.
Then—Oh, let me pause, and ponder
Then, when pain can't her annoy,
Will she still be waiting yonder
For her coming, darling boy?

Christmas Greetings From W. M. S.

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, to see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us." Luke 2:15.

This was the response of the shepherds to the angel chorus which came from heaven to proclaim the Christmas message. Again in this Advent and Christmas season, the heaven-sent invitation comes to us. As we respond may we experience in ever-deepening faith, joy and grateful devotion the eternal blessing of the Christmas Gospel: "For unto you is born this day.... a Son, who is Christ, the Lord."

In this prayer we, the officers of the Women's Missionary Society of the Evangelical Lutheran Church,

and our greetings to you, our co-workers in the Women's Missionary Societies of our Church.

Our loyal response to this Gospel has expressed itself in your many gifts this year. We are thankful that we are remembering the four foreign missions on our W.M.S. budget. Our South American Mission with a budget of \$2000.00 has received \$667.34. The Sudan Mission and the Japan Mission with budgets of \$1500.00 each, have received \$1411.92 and \$1159.27 respectively.

Our Santal Mission with a budget of \$1500.00 has received \$752.47. These figures include our Synodical Contribution W.M.S. offering, received at Audubon, Iowa this year. It totaled \$482.00 and was divided thus: 1/2 to Santal, 1/4 to Sudan, 1/4 to Japan. Of these foreign missions, let us especially remember South America where the W.M.S. are supporting our missionary, Helen Nielsen.

Also on our W.M.S. budget this year are the Church School Development Drive with a budget of \$500.00. We have received \$71.59. Our Utah Mission, New Mexico Missions and Pension Funds with budgets of \$100.00 for each mission, have received \$58.09, \$132.75 and \$68.50 respectively. The Dana Foundation with a budget of \$500.00 has received \$71.18.

In addition to the above, several other missions have been well remembered. They are the Indian Mission at Fort Smith, Okla. (largely for a new laundry), Eben-Ezer at Fort Collins, Colo., The Jewish Mission, L.W.A. and the Foreign Mission Board. Our General Fund consists of funds which will be used to meet mission budget shortages. The fund totals \$227.28.

We know that much work of love is being done which is not visible in financial figures. The work done by many hands in sending many boxes of sewing, hand-knitted, used clothing, school and hospital supplies, letters and personal gifts to Mission workers, does bring a great blessing both to the giver and to the receiver. Our con-



stant prayers are needed for the Missionaries and their work.

Time is slipping past and it hardly seems possible that in less than 4 months, our fiscal year will end and our Synodical W.M.S. Treasurer's books will be closed. You can help your District Treasurer very much by sending your dues and your Mission Contributions to her before March 15, 1955.

Our W.M.S. Handbook which was mailed to the Presidents of our many Women's Missionary Societies, and also to the Pastors' wives, contains much helpful information. In addition to the Manual for W.M.S. Officers, Constitutions, Installation Service and such, it con-

tains suggestions for many special mission projects for both foreign and home missions. Additional copies of the W.M.S. Handbook may be obtained from your Lutheran Publishing House, Blair, Nebr. for the price of 25 cents each. Our Handbook also contains an explanation on Life Memberships and In Memoriams with a suggested service for each. Many of our women who held Life Memberships before we secured our W.M.S. pin have sent \$3.25 to their District W.M.S. Treasurer who ordered the Pin for them. Thus they have the pin which they are entitled to wear as Life Members. Please remember when sending your \$10.00 for Life membership and Pin, that you may select the Mission which is to receive the money from your Life Membership.

Do our homes have sufficient Christian reading material? Under "Literature" in our Handbook, we see some of the following listed: The Ansgar Lutheran, The Little Lutheran, The Missionary Outlook, The Santal Missionary, The Christian Parent Magazine, One Magazine, Phoebe, Wells of Salvation and others. Subscriptions to these make fine Christmas gifts both to our own families and to our friends. Bibles, Hymnals, Our Christmas Chimes and Child's Christmas Chimes are also treasured gifts. Many homes have too little Christian Literature available.

As working and praying members in the Women's Missionary Societies, may we grow in love and concern for those who have never heard the Christmas Gospel and may we continue to share with them, God's generous gifts to us.

Your friends in His service,

The W.M.S. Board.

CHRISTMAS IN JAIL

By John Bull

IT WAS Christmas Eve in the year of our Lord 1805. In a dark cell in the jail in Christiana, Norway, a prisoner sat with folded hands and looked wistfully into the dim light which fell through a little window looking out upon "Town Hall Street." He turned a pale but exquisitely tender face towards the door, as he heard the key being inserted; then the door creaked open, and in the doorway stood the jailer, sword by his side and a lantern in his left hand.

"You must come with me," said the jailer; "the Chief of Police wants to talk with you."

The prisoner arose and followed, as he breathed a deep sigh.

They went the whole length of the corridor, when the jailer opened the door of the court room, and the prisoner faced the Chief of Police and Assistant Judge, both sitting at a table.

"Come nearer," said the Chief of Police in a mild voice, and slowly the prisoner moved from the darkness near the door into the daylight of Christmas Eve which came in through the large window.

The assistant judge scrutinized the prisoner closely. He saw standing before him a man of about thirty-four years, well built, broad-shouldered, not quite five and one-half feet tall, but with large, tired, greyish-blue eyes, out of which a peculiar mildness of soul seemed to shine.

"So you are Hauge," said the judge in a dry voice, though some of its wonted aristocratic harshness seemed to give way before the calm look of the prisoner.

"Yes, I am he," answered the prisoner in his warm, rich voice.

After a moment of silence, the Chief of Police told Hans Nielsen Hauge—for it was he, this prisoner who on this Christmas Eve was taken before these two men—that Mr. Collett, the assistant judge, was to take the place of Mr. Wulfsberg, the chief of police, as a member of the Commission that should investigate the case of "Hauge vs. the Government of Denmark and Norway."

"Your case is a very intricate one," said the judge. "It will assume large proportions."

"Yes," answered Hauge calmly, "it is a big case, and it will grow even bigger and bigger."

Mr. Collett looked sharply at Hauge. "That is just what we fear," he said.

Hauge made a step forward. "That the Word of God takes hold of the people is nothing to be afraid of," he said.

Hans Nielsen Hauge (1771-1824) lived in Norway in an evil day when rationalism in thought and wordliness in practice threatened the light of the gospel. But God chose the humble, earnest layman, Hauge, to bring spiritual refreshing throughout that land.

After his conversion at the age of 25, he began to witness by personal contact, house meetings, literature and the training of others, and in this work traveled by foot throughout the length and breadth of Norway. Common people received him gladly and a great awakening stirred the country. But the "powers that be" in both church and state were not so receptive.

Several times he was imprisoned; often he was very roughly treated. At the age of 33, his last and major imprisonment began. For eight years he suffered in jail under such conditions that his health was broken and his active ministry finished.

"If it had taken hold of the people all through Norway, I should gladly die right here."

The two functionaries exchanged glances. They began to experience a peculiar sensation. It dawned upon them that they were in the presence of a spirit stronger than their own.

"I understand that you have faith in your cause," said Mr. Collett.

"Indeed, I have," said Hauge.

"And you are not afraid of the result."

Hauge smiled. "No," he said, "I have too good a defender to fear anything."

The judge looked at the Chief of Police. "What defender?" he said, as he turned to Hauge.

A wonderful light came into the prisoner's eyes. "Your Honor certainly knows that," he said.

"No," the judge retorted sharply, "I do not know who is to defend you."

Hauge looked at the judge. "God is my defender and helper, Your Honor." There was a peculiar charm in Hauge's voice as he said this.

"Oh, well," said the judge, "anyone may say that."

"No," Hauge answered, "everybody cannot say that. Would to God it were so!"

Mr. Wulfsberg looked down at the

floor. The judge was silenced. After a pause, Mr. Collett again spoke.

"I suppose you think we make rather slow progress with you case," he said.

"Yes," Hauge admitted, "time is long when you have nothing to do. But," he added sorrowfully, "it is worse for those who are waiting for me. There are so many who need a little help."

The eyes of the judge looked fiercely at Hauge. "So you think you are the only one who can preach the Word of God in Norway?"

Hauge shook his head sadly. "I am not as conceited as all that," he answered. "But it may be that I am one of a few that know how to speak to the common man. I, myself, am but a common man, only a common farmer. I know the condition of the people, and they understand my language."

"Perhaps," said the judge, "you would do more good if you worked as a farmer and left the preaching of the Word of God to the ministers!"

An expression of deep sorrow clouded Hauge's face as he answered mildly: "Yes, that is the way it ought to be; but too many of the ministers preach only a dead knowledge. For that reason there are so many empty churches throughout the land, while the dance halls and other indecent places are filled with our young people."

As the judge did not answer, the chief of police looked at Hauge and said: "The ministers are busy in a rightful calling. So ought you to be."

Hauge looked him full in the eyes as he said: "The apostles of Christ were neither scribes nor Pharisees, but just ordinary fishermen; yet Christ called them to preach the gospel."

Mr. Collett's face reddened. "So you consider yourself an equal of the apostles," he said sharply.

Hauge met his eye, in his peculiar way, as he answered, "I should like so much to be a disciple of Christ and obey His commandments."

The two functionaries were completely silenced. Where did this man get his confidence, his calmness, his self-possession, his almost spell-binding power?

Finally the judge promised Hauge that his case would be investigated with all possible speed, for which Hauge thanked him; and as he was leaving the room to return to his cell, he said to Mr. Wulfsberg and to Mr. Collett: "May God bless you and give you a joyful Christmas."

Passing through the corridor, he no-

ed two men whom he knew. They
re just coming up the stairs. He
anted to stop, but the jailer urged him

Hauge breathed a deep sigh. "God
ess them for that," he said softly to
himself. Soon Hauge was again in his
old, barren, dismal cell, the door was
locked, and a tallow candle burned on
a table where stood some coarse pris-
son fare.

It was Christmas Eve.

Shortly after, as the chief of police,
in company with the judge, passed out
of the town-hall, they met two strang-
ers at the gate. The strangers looked
questioningly at the two functionaries.
"What do you wish?" said Mr. Wulfs-
berg.

One of the men, Ole Roersveen,
whose back had become bent from car-
rying Hauge's books over the moun-
tains, removed his hat, and asked soft-
ly whether it would be possible to
speak to Hans Nielsen Hauge.

The chief of police looked straight at
him. "No," he said. "That wouldn't do."
The little man said in a pleading
voice, "Only a couple of words."

"No, no," said the chief of police. "By
the way, where are you from?"

"From Bergen," said the one with the
bent back.

"Do you come by sea?"

"No, sir, we have footed it across the
mountains."

"And for what purpose?"

"Just to meet Hans Nielsen Hauge."

The chief of police had difficulty in
controlling his voice. Something rose
in his throat. He turned his eyes away
for a moment. Then, suddenly recov-
ering his wonted calmness, he said,
"Sorry, but it is against the law."

The little man with a bent back stood
while, then he slowly put on his hat
and looked at his companion, Samson
Traaе, also from Bergen—a long, hope-
less look. Then they turned and left.

But Mr. Wulfsberg felt suddenly that
something was wrong with his necktie
—it seemed somehow too tight.

"This is touching," he said to Mr. Col-
lett, as they walked away.

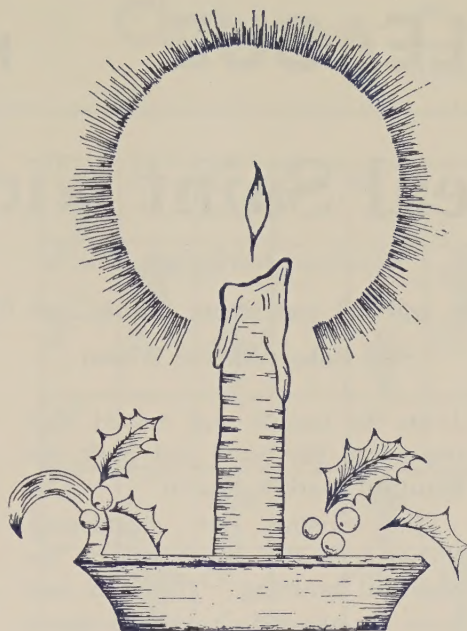
People who were out Christmas shop-
ping met the two officials, as they pro-
ceeded up Town Hall Street and swung
into Church Street.

"I wish you a joyful Christmas, Mr.
Wulfsberg," said the judge.

"May I wish you the same, Your
honor," said Mr. Wulfsberg, and they
parted.

Hans Nielsen Hauge sat with his
head bent. He had not touched his
food. The little candle burned steadily.

This night, the night of the Saviour,
the great festival of mercy, how terri-
bly lonely he felt! How bitter was this
confinement within prison walls while
the world sang out its joy because a



Saviour had been born, and all the
bells sent their beautiful chimes through
the snow-filled air!

Was it God's purpose to leave him
here all the rest of his days?

"I am the light and the life," it an-
swered deep down in his soul.

"Yes, yes," he whispered, "Thy will
be done."

Then he remembered the faces of his
two friends. They had walked the long
way across the mountains, from Ber-
gen to Christiania, in the middle of
winter, just to speak a few words with
him. But the prison door was shut.

And all the thousands who needed
him were unable to see him, while he
had to sit idly in his cell, alone, in
darkness—never to see the sun any
more, never to look into happy faces
any more!

Then he heard the far-off chimes of
Christmas bells, first one, then an-
other, then more and more, till the air
seemed filled with music.

Hauge fell on his knees. A wonder-
ful peace and happiness filled his soul.
It was as if he heard the bells of heav-
en ring peace down to a sinful world.

God had answered him. He was no
longer alone. "A joyful Christmas," was
whispered into the lonely heart of
Hauge.

He folded his hands and sang with
his wonderfully rich, sweet voice:

*"Jesus, I long for Thy blessed com-
munion,*

*Yearning for Thee fills my heart and
my mind;*

*Draw me from all that would hinder
our union,*

*May I to Thee, my beginning, be
joined!*

*Show me more clearly my hopeless
condition,*

*Show me the depth of corruption in
me,*

*So that my nature may die in contri-
tion,
And that my spirit may live unto
Thee!"*

The prisoners in the other cells lifted
their heads and listened wonderingly.
The prison-watchmen stopped their go-
ing to and fro.

But outside, right under the window,
stood two silent men. They listened
eagerly. It was his voice! They would
have recognized it among a thousand
voices, the voice that had opened to
them an understanding of the best
which man could possess. Like little
children far from home they held each
other's hands till the song died away.

Meantime, comforted by prayer and
singing, Hauge rose from his knees and
resumed his seat on the hard wooden
bench.

What was that? Two were singing
outside, beneath his prison window! It
was a prayer for those who suffer, a
cry of anguish to God for souls in need
of salvation.

The song floated upwards, like a
little bird barely able to fly. There
were his two faithful friends who had
come all the way from the coast to
comfort him. They had not been per-
mitted to see him or say a few words
to him—it was against the law.

But surely a little song wouldn't
hurt! Everybody was singing. Little
children with their parents and friends
in happy homes all over the city were
singing songs in praise of Him who had
come to make men happy and free. It
wouldn't disturb anyone if two simple-
hearted men who had footed it across
the mountains from Bergen to Christi-
ania sang a little song for the comfort
of him who "for the sake of the Word
of God, and the testimony of Jesus
Christ" sat behind the bars this blessed
Christmas Eve!

Hauge felt as if he were bleeding in-
wardly. He sat helpless, could not see
them, could not send a single word of
comfort or help to the thousands—far
west by the beautiful fjords, far north
in the fishing districts, high up among
the ice-covered mountains, and in the
wonderful valleys where Christmas bells
were chiming—the thousands in the lit-
tle cottages that were waiting for him,
wondering why he did not come!

There was a pause. The song ceased.
The two men, faithful Samson Traaе
and Ole Roersveen, stood looking up to
the little window, high up there in the
gray wall.

All at once a light shone in the win-
dow. "Look," one of the men cried, as
he seized the arm of his friend.

A candle with a long, blackened
"thief" was lifted high and threw a
warm, blood red light out into the
darkness.

(Continued on page 11)

THE LUTHER LEAGUE

Homer Larsen, Editor

The Real Saint Nicholas

Reprinted from Teen Talk

This story will tell you where "Santa" got his name

By Robert Sherer Wilson

There actually was a man who was called Saint Nicholas. His home was not in the cold north, but in a land located at the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea. His character was of such interest to the boys and girls, that he has become the Saint of the Christmas season in many countries.

It was back in a town called Patara, in Syria, that Nicholas was born sometime before 300 A. D. His parents were Epiphanes and Joanna. They called their boy Nicholas. His parents believed in Jesus Christ and taught all they could about their faith to the boy.

While Nicholas was yet in his teens, he heard of a pilgrimage being made to the Holy Land to see some of the places where Jesus lived when upon this earth. Nicholas was urged to go on the pilgrimage. The journey was by sea on board a freight ship. Before reaching their destination, their ship stopped at the port of Myra in Asia Minor to unload some grain. As it would require several hours for the slaves to do this, Nicholas decided to visit the town.

The town of Myra was located on the hillside, and looked very different from Nicholas' home town. The houses seemed so small, yet in the midst one building stood out above all others in both size and beauty. "What kind of a building is that?" he asked of a boy on the street.

"That was once the marble that was in a temple to the goddess Diana," said the boy of Myra. "When the people were told by Emperor Constantine that Christianity would now be their religion, they tore

down the temple and moved each stone into the town and built this beautiful marble church."

Like anyone out sightseeing, Nicholas decided to investigate the beautiful building. The door was open. He entered. Inside, he met a man who asked his name. When the boy said it was Nicholas, the man was very excited and said, "Come, we are waiting for you."

Without having time to ask any more questions, Nicholas was led into a room of the church where a number of men were praying. From the way they were dressed, Nicholas knew they were Christian ministers. They told him they preached in neighboring towns. They said that the new church in Myra did not have a preacher.

The ministers, some of them Bishops, explained to Nicholas that they had tried to find a minister for this church, but thus far were not able to do so. No one in the town was prepared to assume the position, for they knew so little about Christianity. In desperation one of the ministers had agreed to pray all night, that God would send them a man to become the pastor of the church.

This was the morning after the all night of prayer. The one who prayed, reported that while he was praying, he was assured that God would give victory and send someone to be the pastor of this new congregation. The word victory in their language was pronounced **Nicholas**. Each of the ministers had his word upon their lips that morning.

So it was, when young Nicholas entered the church, he became the answer to their prayers. Even

though he was rather young in years, the group prevailed upon Nicholas to stay. It is not known if he continued first on his pilgrimage to visit the Holy Land, or whether he went somewhere to take instruction. Neither is it known if he was able to return home to say farewell to his parents. All that is known is that young Nicholas became the pastor of the new Christian congregation at Myra.

Nicholas continued as pastor of this church until he died in 343 A.D. The date of his death was December sixth. The people thought so much of him, that they called him "Saint Nicholas," and celebrated the day of his death as Saint Nicholas day.

Nicholas was noted for his friendship with the children. He told them about Jesus and the Master's love for children. Whenever children in that town had difficulties, they would go to Nicholas. Even when some selfish men tried to sell certain children into slavery, it was Nicholas who interceded for them and set them free. It was said that under his ministerial robes, he had large pockets, in which he carried coins and cookies to pass out to the boys and girls he met.

He knew that God showed divine love to the people by sending Jesus into this world as the Saviour, and he also knew that men were to show their love to God by loving each other.

The Christian desire to show God's love to others caused people to celebrate Saint Nicholas day on the day of his death which was December sixth. It soon became a time for giving of gifts to boys and girls. This custom is found even today in some parts of the Ukraine, where

Gifts are given on Saint Nicholas Day rather than Christmas Day, as in many other parts of the world.

From Syria, the observance has spread gradually until the name of Saint Nicholas is known through most of the Christian world. As tradition spread from country to country, customs were added to make the day more meaningful in each nation. In northern Europe, Nicholas was shortened to Claus, and Saint was changed to Santa.

Many of the qualities attributed to our modern Santa Claus are in great contrast to the original Saint Nicholas. It would be well to remember this man of God of the fourth century.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN JAIL

(Continued from page 9)

"Look," cried the other, as he burst into tears. It was Hans Nielsen Hauge, who, from his lonely prison cell, preached the victory of light over darkness.

"God be praised," Samson Traae said. He stood there as if transfigured and with folded hands.

Now the light disappeared. The darkness of night became gloomier around. At still the two men stood there, gratefully happy for what they had heard and seen. They had received a message from Hauge, a message of unshakable faith in God, an assurance that The Light would conquer.

This message they would bring from farm to farm, from cottage to cottage, through the land, as far as the brethren were found.

But again the light shone in the window, again it was taken down, and then a hand holding the snuffers. The candle was "trimmed," and the little flame burned clear and steady. The two men swallowed a gulp. They had understood. The great task was to cleanse the church of God on earth, so that the light might shine before men, to the end that they might see the good works of Christ's disciples, and learn to praise the Father in heaven.

"Did you understand what he meant?" Samson Traae asked the other man. "Yes, yes," answered Ole Roersveen—he could with difficulty keep back his tears.

And then again a hymn came vividly from the prison cell.

While Hauge stood holding the candle, he sang the Battle Hymn of the formation:

Christmas Crossword Puzzle

By Reuben S. De Long



Across

1. *The Magi's means of transportation.
6. *One of the 3 Magi's gifts. (Latin for frankincense)
8. *Pleased . . . amn with man to dwell; HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING, 2nd v.
10. *Holy Infant, . . . tender and mild, SILENT NIGHT, 1st v.
11. *will . . . bend our joyful footsteps. ADESTE FIDELES, 4th v.
12. . . of age. (Latin abbr.)
13. . . but. (Latin)
14. *And ever o'er . . . Babel sounds IT CAME UP-ON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR, 2nd v.
16. *and stood over where the child was. Matt. 2.9.

18. *for . . have seen his star in the east, Matt. 2.2.

19. * . . cruel creed, CHRISTMAS MORN, 5th v.

21. *Are . . . in thee tonight. O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM, 1st v.

23. *and thou shalt call his name Matt. 1.21.

Down

2. *And all they that heard it wondered . . those things, Luke 2.18.
3. *And suddenly there was with the angel a Luke 2.13 (poss.)
4. . . in. (French)
5. Ye have seen his star, ANGELS FROM THE REALMS, 3rd v.
7. *and shall bring a son, Matt. 1.23
9. *And . . . brought forth her firstborn son, Luke 2.7
10. * . . how the shepherds, ADESTE FIDELES, 4th v.
14. *Cantet nunc . . ADESTE FIDELES, 3rd v.
15. . . tin. (chem. sym.)
16. *Joyful all . . nations rise, HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING, 1st v.
17. * . . and search diligently for the young child; Matt. 2.8
18. William. (abbr.)
20. sun god.
21. *bring . . word again, Matt. 2.8
22. thou. (Spanish)

SOLUTION ON PAGE 15

(Continued on page 15)

RING IN CHRISTMAS WITH A CHIMES

BY THE FIRESIDE



HIS GIFT

He did not use a silvery box,
Or paper green and red;
God laid his Christmas gift to men
Within a manger bed.

No silken cord was used to bind
This gift sent from above;
'Twas wrapped in swaddling clothes
And bound with cords of tender love.

There was no evergreen to which
God's precious gift was tied;
Upon a bare tree on a hill
His Gift was crucified.

'Twas taken down from off the tree
And laid beneath the sod,
But death itself could not destroy
The precious Gift of God.

With mighty hand he lifted him
From out the stony grave;
For evermore to every man
A living Gift he gave.

—Anonymous.

HOW TO READ

Read the Bible, not as a newspaper,
but as a home letter. If a cluster of
heavenly fruit hangs within reach,
gather it. If a promise lies upon the
page as a blank check, cash it. If a
prayer is recorded, appropriate it, and
launch it as a feathered arrow from the
bow of your desire. If an example of
holiness gleams before you, ask God
to do as much for you. If the truth is
revealed in all its intrinsic splendor,
entreat that its brilliance may ever
irradiate the hemisphere of your life.

—F. B. Meyer.

THE LITTLE CHILD

Just a wooden manger,
Common, rough and bare,
But all the world shall worship
The Baby sleeping there.

Just a wooden working bench,
Chippings, tools, and dust,
But the Greatheart working there,
The world has learned to trust.

Just two heavy wooden beams
That made his cross of pain,
But weary souls that seek him there,
Find God and heaven again.

—Author Unknown

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

By Lena B. Ellingwood

Afar and a-near peal the glad chimes
of Christmas,
In sunlands, in snowlands, in young
hearts and old;
The Babe in the manger—we thrill
at the hearing
No matter how often the story is
told.

Did the Mother who bent o'er the
Infant, adoring,
Foresee how his coming the whole
world would change?

The glad throng of angels, the Wise
Men who worshiped—
Ah, Mary! These sights were indeed
passing strange!

O Babe in the manger, O Lord of all
glory,
Descend in thy love, in thine infinite
might,
And take thine abode in our hearts
while we worship,
As angels and shepherds did, that
first Christmas night.

—The Sentinel

CHRISTMAS

By James A. Blaisdell

Christians, lo, the star appeareth;
Lo, 'tis yet Messiah's day;
Still with tribute treasure laden
Come the Wise Men on their way.

Where a life is spent in service
Walking where the Master trod,
There is scattered myrrh most fragrant
For the blessed Christ of God.

Whoso bears his brother's burden,
Whoso shares another's woe,
Brings his frankincense to Jesus
With the men of long ago.

When we soothe earth's weary chil-
dren,
Tending best the least of them,
'Tis the Lord himself we worship,
Bringing gold to Bethlehem.

CHRISTMAS AND MISSIONS

By Ralph T. Nordlund

Christ left his home in glory,
His riches and his throne,
To bring to earth the story
Of grace for all his own.

He sailed the seas of heaven,
Debarked on Christmas Day;
At port no room was given
Save a humble bed of hay!

He was God's missionary
To evangelize the earth;
And now his church makes merry
And celebrates his birth.

'Tis fitting and in season
To hail his birth anew;
But more in line with reason
His mission work to do.



An inveterate golfer came home to
dinner. During the meal, his wife said,
"Willie tells me he caddied for you
this afternoon."

"Well," said Willie's father, "I
thought I'd seen that boy before."



The two women were discussing a
third. Said one, "Well, you have to
admit she's awfully kind to her in-
feriors."

After a pause, the other retorted,
"But where does she find them?"



Don't Forget

The story is told that a king of Den-
mark was attending a concert in com-
pany with his small son. One of the
singers was a woman whose efforts
were—shall we say?—unsatisfactory.
"Papa," said the little boy, "is it true
that this lady sings for the convicts in
prison concerts?"

"Yes, my son, quite true," replied
the king. "And bear it in mind if you
ever feel tempted to do anything
wrong."—Rotarian.

Lincoln Nebraska
FORD VAN LINES
 MOVING SERVICE ANYWHERE
 Local Agent: MRS DAN GREENO
 COLLEGE HILL, BLAIR, NEBRASKA
 Phone 2727

GUYER AND HANSEN
LOANS

INSURANCE — REAL ESTATE

Successor to N. T. Lund Co.

Blair, Nebraska

H. Lyle Guyer

P. V. Hansen

DANSK NYTAAR

180 pages 128 pictures 38 authors

A Danish annual, successor to
 Dansk Almanak

Edited by Dr. Paul C. Nyholm

The 1955 edition is almost sold out due to the kind assistance from many pastors, local agents and faithful servants. We acknowledge also with gratitude the favorable mention given in many papers, e.g. Lutheran Tidings, Church and Home, Midwest Scandinavian, Kirke og Folk, Den Danske Pioneer, Danish Brotherhood Magazine, Decorah-Posten, Denmarks Posten, Luthersk Ugeblad, The Ansgar Lutheran.

LUTHERAN PUBLISHING HOUSE
 Blair, Nebraska



For

CHRISTMAS



GIVE THE
 REVISED
 STANDARD
 VERSION
 BIBLE

THE PERFECT GIFT R. S. V. B.

Genuine Leather \$10.00
 Buckram \$ 6.00
 Illustrated editions \$3.25 & \$3.50

Come in and see our
 complete selection

LUTHERAN PUBLISHING HOUSE



THE DANISH TRAVEL AGENCY

Overseas Passenger Bureau, Inc.

ELSE P. SEHESTED, Gen Mgr.

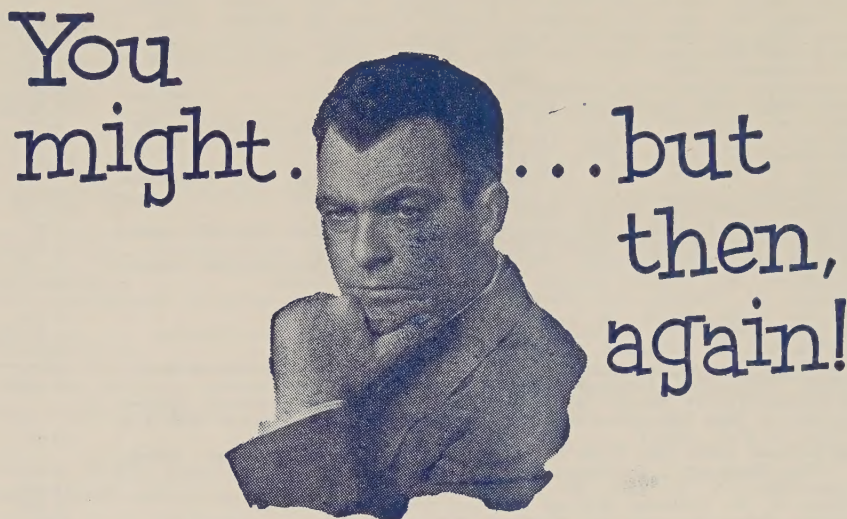
35 WEST 53RD STREET
 NEW YORK 19, N. Y.



Telephones:

Circle 5-6146-6147

Reservations for All Ship and Air Lines
 Tours Arranged. Hotel Reservations Made.
 Information Free. All Details Can Be Arranged by Mail
TRAVEL TO DENMARK



You *might* be able to save enough to provide for your family in case you die. You *might* even be able to achieve financial independence for your old age—but then again...

Why not change these "might's" to *certainities* with a carefully planned LUTHERAN BROTHERHOOD life insurance policy?

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

How much income can I have at age 65?

If I save \$..... a week, how much guaranteed income can my family have?

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

THIS IS *Your* LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY

Lutheran Brotherhood

CARL F. GRANRUD, President

LEGAL RESERVE LIFE INSURANCE

608 Second Avenue South • Minneapolis 2, Minnesota

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

	Total Received	Child- ren's Homes	School Fund	General Fund	Home Mission	Indian Mission	Utah Mission	Pen- sion Fund
Total synodical budget \$256,668.60	14750.10	83300.00	25000.00	58646.50	7550.00	1542.00	65880.00	
Previously acknowledged	85114.80	5950.89	28834.50	8887.41	15.00			
Less transfer of \$15 from Home Mission to the Sudan Mission	85099.80	5950.89	28834.50	8887.41	20619.16	3457.21	951.12	16399.5
Pewaukee, Wis., Galilee Luth. Church	137.29		35.00		35.00			67.28
Mr. and Mrs. Dean H. McCoy and Mrs. Eleanor M. Sorensen of San Diego, Calif., and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar A. Friedemann, Denver, Colo., in memory of Mrs. Niels Olsen	10.00	10.00						
Edmore, Mich., Our Savior's Luth. Church	53.68		20.00		20.00			13.68
Waupaca, Wis., Trinity Ev. Luth. Church	906.01	56.01	270.00	40.00	270.00			270.00
Westby, Mont., Jacob Rasmussen in memory of Sam Felland	2.00				2.00			
Morgan, Minn., Bethany Luth. Church	200.00	25.00	50.00	25.00	50.00			50.00
Racine, Wis., Gethsemane Luth. Church	1301.00	393.00	41.00	671.00		196.00		
Spencer, Ia., Bethany Luth. Ladies Aid	50.00	50.00						
Washington Island, Wis., Trinity Luth. Sunday School, mission offering	12.42				12.42			
Reedley, Calif., Ebenezer Luth. Ladies Aid	25.00						25.00	
Lincoln, Nebr., Our Savior's Luth. Church	100.00	10.00	30.00		30.00			30.00
Audubon, Ia., Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Christensen of Ebenezer Church	25.00	10.00			10.00	5.00		
Boelus, Nebr., Dry Creek Luth. Sunday School pupils	5.00	5.00						
Marcus, Ia., in memory of Jens C. Petersen of Nazareth Church from his friends	16.00							16.00
Chicago, Ill., Atonement Luth. Church	384.06	25.00	50.00	25.00	50.00	25.00		209.06
Hamlin, Ia., Hamlin Luth. Church, Thanksgiving offering	25.00							25.00
Elk Horn, Ia., Elk Horn Luth. Church, Thanksgiving offering	100.28							100.28
Elk Horn, Ia., Home Builders for Elim Home	25.00	25.00						
Elk Horn, Ia., Elk Horn Luth. Church	600.00		240.00		180.00			180.00
Luck, Wis., United Engl. Luth. Church, Thanksgiving offering	196.50							196.50
Luck, Wis., Willing Workers in memory of Mrs. Dorain Jensen	2.00				2.00			
Fremont, Nebr., Churchwomen of First Luth. Church	13.00				13.00			
Chicago, Ill., Sophie and Lawrence Iversen of Golgotha Church	50.00		20.00		20.00			10.00
In memory of Mrs. Maren Schmidt from relatives and friends from Ebenezer Luth. Church, Audubon, Ia.	21.00				21.00			
Beresford, S. D., Leona Jessen	80.00	20.00	20.00			20.00		20.00
West Branch, Ia., Bethany Luth. Church	40.40							40.40
Abdal, Nebr., Ladies Aid of Bethel Luth. Church for the Oaks Children's Home	5.00	5.00						
Irene, S. D., Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Tanderup of Turkey Valley Church	6.00					6.00		
Sidney, Mich., the Dorcas Club of Immanuel Luth. Church	15.00	15.00						
Sidney, Mich., the Dorcas Club \$2 in memory of Rev. Henry Iversen, Luck, Wis., and \$2 in memory of Mrs. N. Bentsen, Edmore, Mich.	4.00				4.00			
Sioux City, Ia., Our Savior's Luth. Church	86.54				46.60			39.94
Northfield, Minn., Mr. and Mrs. Anton Madsen of St. Peter's Church, a Christmas gift	3.00	3.00						
Washington Island, Wis., Trinity Luth. Church	560.00		150.00	29.00	150.00			231.00
Green Bay, Wis., Bethel Ev. Luth. Church	128.41							128.41
Ord, Nebr., Bethany Church and Ladies Aid in memory of Larry Loft	5.00		5.00					
Elk Horn, Ia., Alpha Ladies Aid for Elim Home	15.00	15.00						
Elk Horn, Ia., Alpha Ladies Aid	85.00			85.00				
Norma, N. D., Zion Ladies Aid \$10 for each of our two Children's Homes	20.00	20.00						
Lynwood, Calif., St. Paul's Luth. Church	702.20	38.00	250.00	50.00	150.00	50.00		164.20
Cushing, Wis., Cushing Luth. Church in memory of Mrs. Dorrain Jensen	1.00				1.00			
Cushing, Wis., Cushing Luth. Church	75.00	5.00	25.00		25.00			20.00
Cushing, Wis., Cushing Luth. Church in memory of Mrs. Walter Jensen	2.00				2.00			
Westbrook, Me., Tabitha Society of Trinity Luth. Church	20.00		20.00					
Chicago, Ill., Frances and Edwin Jorgensen in memory of T. C. Hansen, Cedar Falls, Ia.	10.00		10.00					
Mc Cabe, Mont., John Hofman, (Seattle, Wash.) of Ebenezer Church	150.00		50.00	50.00				50.00
Des Moines, Ia., Highland Park Luth. Sunday School	60.00	50.00				10.00		
Ord, Nebr., Pastor and Mrs. C. Jeppesen in memory of Larry M. Loft	2.00		2.00					
Fresno, Calif., Mrs. Marie K. Jensen in memory of her mother	10.00				10.00			
Mc Cabe, (Froid), Mont., Dane Valley Ladies Aid of Ebenezer Church \$15 for the Elk Horn Home and \$15 for the Oaks Home and \$50 for School Fund	80.00	30.00	50.00					
Albert Lea, Minn., the Elim Circle of Trinity Church for Elim Home, Elk Horn	25.00	25.00						
Salmonhurst, N. B., Can., St. Peter's Luth. Church	48.38		30.00		18.38			
Viborg, S. D., Bethany Willing Workers Aid	75.00		25.00		25.00			25.00
Ruskin, Nebr., Mr. and Mrs. Jens C. Hansen of Bethany Church	20.00	10.00				10.00		
Minden, Nebr., Mrs. Caroline Hansen of Bethany Home	5.00	5.00						
North Luck, Wis., St. Peter's Luth. Church	231.10				125.00			106.10
North Luck, Wis., in memory of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Nielsen: Mrs. Myrtle Sorensen \$5 and Mrs. Esther Nelson \$5	10.00					10.00		
Milltown, Wis., Busy Bees in memory of Howard Hansen	2.00	2.00						
Brush, Colo., Mrs. Albert Westergaard, Eben Ezer	25.00	5.00			20.00			
Kenmare, N. D., Trinity Luth. Church	16.40							16.40
Cedar Falls, Ia., Nazareth Luth. Church	350.00	50.00	100.00		100.00			100.00
Minden, Nebr., Bethany Luth. Church	400.00	5.00	200.00	50.00	50.00			50.00
Jacksonville, Ia., Mr. and Mrs. Ralph K. Nielsen in memory of Mrs. T. C. Hansen, Cedar Falls, Ia.	5.00		5.00					
Greenville, Mich., St. Paul's Ev. Luth. Church	325.00	25.00	100.00		100.00			100.00
Selma, Calif., Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jorgensen of Pella Luth. Church	50.00				50.00			
Toronto, Ont., Can., St. Ansgar's Luth. Church	606.25	56.25	175.00	50.00	140.00	50.00	10.00	125.00
Underwood, Ia., Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bondo in memory of Julius Olsen, Racine, and Mrs. Maren Schmidt, Blair	5.00				5.00			
Shelby, Ia., Shelby Sunday School, Children's Mission offering	90.00		20.00		20.00	20.00	10.00	20.00
Aurora, Colo., St. Mark's Luth. Church	25.00		15.00		10.00			
Kenmare, N. D., Nazareth Luth. Church	38.85			38.85				

TOTAL 93878.57 6989.15 30842.50 10001.26 22386.56 3859.21 996.12 18803.77

SPECIAL MISSIONS

	Total Received	Japan Mission	South Amer. Mission	Santal Mission	Sudan Mission	Jewish Mission	China Mission	N.L.C. L.W.A.	Gen. Fd. Foreign Missions
Budget for 1954-1955	16000.00	15500.00	10000.00	15000.00				36720.00	
Previously acknowledged	61993.42	8903.20	5662.74	7760.70	8153.23	605.82	114.92	30489.81	303.00
Chicago, Ill., Golgotha W.M.S.	300.00	75.00	75.00		75.00				
Edmore, Mich., Our Savior's Luth. Church	40.04			40.04					
Edmore, Mich., Mrs. Max Thomsen in memory of her husband	60.00				60.00				
Greenville, Mich., St. Paul's Luth. Church	96.71			96.71					
Westby, Mont., Jacob Rasmussen in memory of Sam Felland	2.00				2.00				
Oaks, Okla., Ebenezer Luth. Church	31.50							31.50	
Lincoln, Nebr., in memory of Mrs. Sam Petersen: Pastor and Mrs. A. Hofgaard, Chris and Kenneth Christensen, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Pedersen, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Nielsen, Mrs. W. C. C. Nielsen, Mr. and Mrs. Orville Nielsen, Plattsmouth, Nebr.	6.10				6.10				
Toronto, Ont., Can., St. Ansgar Luth. Church	66.25			66.25					
Toronto, Ont., Can., St. Ansgar Luth. Sunday School	21.75			11.00		10.75			
Spencer, Ia., Bethany Luth. Ladies Aid	100.00	25.00		25.00	25.00	25.00			
Los Angeles, Calif., Ladies Aid Marie of Olivet Luth. Church for work among the lepers	6.91				6.91				
Waupaca, Wis., Bethel Ladies Aid of Trinity Luth. Church	15.00							15.00	
Spencer, Ia., In memory of Miss Thora Thomsen credited to Home Mission last week	15.00								
Reedley, Calif., Ebenezer Luth. Ladies Aid	100.00	25.00	25.00	25.00	15.00				
Minot, N. Dak., Miss Marcia Hamre for support of Tudumura	10.00				10.00				
Audubon, Ia., Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Christensen of Ebenezer Church	55.00	10.00	10.00	10.00	10.00	5.00		10.00	
Chicago, Ill., Atonement Luth. Sunday School for support of M. Tudu	50.00			50.00					

Nebr., Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Lund	50.00						50.00		
adena, Calif., Bethany Luth. Sunday School	37.20				37.20				
Horn, Ia., Elk Horn Luth. Church	262.40						262.40		
Horn, Ia., Mr. and Mrs. Carl Jensen for Parkjuli in the Santal Mission	24.00				24.00				
ck, Wis., Mrs. Maren Petersen	2.00				2.00				
ck, Wis., Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Christensen in memory of Fred Soper	1.00				1.00				
icago, Ill., Sophie and Lawrence Iversen of Golgotha Church	25.00	10.00			15.00				
ux City, Ia., Mrs. Harry A. Olsen for child support	60.00				10.00	50.00			
alter, Ia., Nazareth Luth. Ladies Aid	32.50		32.50						
dubon, Ia., Mr. and Mrs. Richard Schmidt in memory of Maren Schmidt	1.00	1.00							
rma, N. Dak., Zion Ladies Aid	20.00						20.00		
arrens, Wis., Ebenezer Sunday School	10.00	10.00							
Nabb, Ill., Pastor H. M. Hansen	1.00						1.00		
Nabb, Ill., Emmaus Luth. Church	10.02						10.02		
Cabe, Mont., John Hofman (Seattle, Wash.) of Ebenezer Church	100.00			25.00	25.00		50.00		
s Moines, Ia., Highland Park Luth. Sunday School	40.00	10.00	10.00		10.00		10.00		
emont, Nebr., Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Jorgensen in memory of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Jorgensen and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Clausen	50.00			25.00	25.00				
e Membership for Mrs. Kathrine Olsen, Cedar Falls, Ia., charter member of original L. A. of Nazareth Church, from Mrs. T. C. Hansen	6.75		6.75						
e Membership for Mrs. Micheal Michealsen, Miltown, Wis., from Milltown Ladies Aid	6.75		6.75						
Cabe (Froid), Mont., Dane Valley Ladies Aid for support of a native missionary in Sudan	120.00				120.00				
Cabe (Froid), Mont., Dane Valley Ladies Aid	50.00	10.00	10.00	10.00	10.00	10.00			
cine, Wis., Gethsemane English Ladies Aid	25.00			25.00					
pepy Eye, Minn., Mrs. Annie Walters in memory of A. B. Walters	30.00	10.00			10.00		10.00		
lmonhurst, N. B., Canada, St. Peter's and Bethany Churches, offering at visit by Rev. L. Neve	43.00	43.00							
ennington, Wis., St. Peter's Luth. Church	10.00			2.50	2.50		5.00		
askin, Nebr., Mr. and Mrs. Jens C. Hansen	40.00	10.00	10.00	10.00	10.00				
nden, Nebr., Mrs. Caroline Hansen of Bethany Home	10.00		5.00	5.00					
rmington, Minn., Farmington Luth. Church	133.38						133.38		
orth Luck, Wis., St. Peter's Luth. Church	84.80						84.80		
ush, Colo., Mrs. Albert Westergaard, Eben-Ezer	25.00		15.00		5.00	5.00			
dar Falls, Ia., Mrs. Croe in memory of her mother	5.00			5.00					
ma, Calif., Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jorgensen of Pella Luth. Church	225.00	25.00	50.00	50.00	50.00		50.00		
ronto, Ont., Can., Sunday School of St. Ansgar's Luth. Church	8.75		8.75						
nnipeg, Man., Can., Ansgar Luth. Sunday School	14.51				14.51				
elby, Ia., Shelby Sunday School, Children's Mission offering	10.00		10.00						
ney, Mont., Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lund of Pella Church	2.00					2.00			
rrora, Colo., St. Mark's Luth. Church	92.84						92.84		
mmare, N. D., Nazareth Luth. Church	313.75						313.75		
rmington, Min., Farmington Sunday School, for a native worker	50.00				50.00				
TOTAL	65002.33	9167.20	5937.49	8369.20	8807.45	663.57	114.92	31639.56	303.00

CHURCH AND SCHOOL DRIVE

	Total Received	Dana Building Fund	Church Extension Fd.
Previously acknowledged	214398.70	128631.80	85766.90
ma, Calif., Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jorgensen of Pella Luth. Church	25.00	25.00	
Total	214423.70	128656.80	85766.90

PLEASE NOTE: In last week's acknowledgments there were \$15.00 to the Home Mission from Spencer, Ia. It should have been credited to the Sudan Miss'on instead.

Received with thanks.

Blair, Nebr., Dec. 11, 1954.
H. J. Hansen, Treas.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN JAIL

(Continued from page 11)

A mighty fortress is our God,
 A trusty shield and weapon,
 Our help is He in all our need,
 Our stay, whate'er doth happen;
 O'er still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe,
 His strong mail of craft and power
 He weareth in this hour;
 On earth is not his equal.

Stood we alone in our own might,
 Our striving would be losing;
 O'er us the one true Man doth fight,
 He Man of God's own choosing.
 Who is this Chosen One?
 'Tis Jesus Christ, the Son,
 The Lord of hosts, 'tis He

Who wins the victory In every field of battle."

When the hymn was finished, the light disappeared, and it was again dark.

For a long time the two men stood there, silently presing each other's hands.

Then the crooked-backed one said, "A joyful Christmas to you, Hans Hauge! God give you a joyful Christmas!"

Slowly the two men moved away. Meanwhile the chief of police, Wulfsberg, and the assistant judge, Collett, heard songs of Christmas sung in their bright, comfortable homes, and on Christmas Day they attended divine service in the church and heard the gospel of salvation preached—while he

to whom the Word of God was everything sat in his lonely cell, yearning for those whom he had won to God by his simple preaching.—Evangelize.

SOLUTION TO CHRISTMAS CROSS-WORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 11

C A M E L
 N T U S F
 A S L S O
 T H I T H E R
 A E I E T
 L I T S H
 Y O U N G
 W E D O R
 M M E T A
 J E S U S

CHRISTMAS IN MY CHILDHOOD

(Continued from page 3)

rapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the Inn. "And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. "And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. "And the angel said unto them: Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall come to all people; for there is born unto you this day in

the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord!"

As the reading of the holy Christmas Gospel came to a close, hands were folded and the prayer was offered:

"O God, who hast made this most holy night to shine with brightness of the true Light, grant, we beseech Thee, that as we have known on earth the mysteries of that Light, we may also come to the fulness of His joys in Heaven. Amen."

Christmas in my childhood home as it appears from this point was a foretaste of heaven's bliss.

Next to God, thanks be to my pious parents.

The atmosphere they created remains forever memorable.

H. Jorgensen

Season's

Greetings



As it was a light from heaven which led the Wise-men to the Bethlehem manger, may it also be the same kind of light which fills your moments this Christmas season.

The Christmas story may have been retold many times, but its message is still as the angels expressed it, "... for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people."

*May you experience the true meaning of Christmas
this season and throughout the New Year*

Lutheran Publishing House

Blair, Nebraska

DEC 54

12

SEMINARY LIBRARY
CAPITAL UNIVERSITY
COLUMBUS 9 OHIO